

Everybody wants something. What do YOU want? You will get it by reading the pages of "Want" Advertisements in this morning's JOURNAL.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER

NO. 6,067. TUESDAY—Fair. Copyright, 1899. By New York Journal and Advertiser. —NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1899.—14 PAGES. TUESDAY—Fair. PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York; Elsewhere, TWO CENTS.

## WHY DID MRS. RAMSEY KILL HER HUSBAND?

A Little Baby Is Now Brought Into This Strange Case That Was Thought to Have Been the Result of "Mother Mania."



Maude Louise Reville-Ramsey.

She was adopted by the Ramseys in 1896, and her mother is searching for her. The woman then known as Mrs. Ramsey has disappeared, and the child was last known to be with a nurse in Williamsport, Pa.

THE tragic death of Harvey J. Ramsey, ticket seller at the Madison Square Garden, whose insane wife cut his throat on Saturday last "to see whether his blood was red or blue," has developed another remarkable story which promises to result in legal complications, and which may, indeed, throw further light on the murder and its cause.

Mrs. Mathilde Leontine Reville, a handsome young widow, says that in 1898 she formally surrendered to Harvey Ramsey and the woman whom she believed to be his wife her three-year-old daughter, Maude Louise. When the news of the tragedy was published, Mrs. Reville sought out her child, and to her amazement found that the Mrs. Ramsey who had committed the murder was not the Mrs. Ramsey to whom she had given her child, and that Maude Louise had vanished.

Lawyer William T. Schoon, of No. 99 Nassau street, has undertaken to find that child for Mrs. Reville.

### Chapter I.

HARVEY RAMSEY was well known among theatrical employees of New York. He was a quiet, business-like young man, strictly reliable, and with only one weakness—he was an incessant smoker. He made few confidants. It was known in a general way that he was married; that he was devoted to his wife, and that he had a charming home. It was known, too, that he was a good son, and that his aged mother and father lived with him most of the time.

His salary was not a large one, but sufficient to enable him to live in a comfortable flat and to dress well. It was generally known that the woman recognized as his wife had been an actress, but who she was will be learned now by most of his friends for the first time.

In Williamsport Ramsey met, about six years ago, a girl known as Maude Willhane. She was travelling with a theatrical company. Ramsey fell deeply in love with her and she came to live with him in this city. They were never legally married, is not known.

### Chapter II.

IN December, 1896, Mrs. Mathilde Leontine Reville, a young widow, found herself in such straitened circumstances that she could no longer take care of her child.

Mrs. Reville is a member of a wealthy French family. Her husband, once a prominent business man, had died in Boston. She had struggled hard to support herself and her child, but at last gave up and inserted a personal in a morning newspaper advising that her little girl for adoption. Among the many answers was one from Mrs. Harvey Ramsey, of West Twenty-third street. The letter was a candid one, and Mrs. Reville entered at once into communication with the writer.

She met Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey. He explained that he had been in the Madison Square Garden, that his wife had been on the stage and had thought of returning. In hopes of keeping her mind from the old profession he had suggested that they adopt a little child. To this she had agreed. The Ramseys were delighted with the letter, and Mrs. Reville, who was a bright, winsome little one, with long, golden curls and bright blue eyes, and every promise of becoming a refined, beautiful woman.

Formal papers of adoption and surrender were drawn up, but it was understood that Mrs. Reville could see her daughter as often as she pleased. She visited the Ramseys from time to time, but found that her presence was embarrassing to the adopted parents of her child, and so she called as seldom as her mother's heart would permit.

"I noticed," said Mrs. Reville, "that Maude was being taught to forget me, and while I realized that that was natural enough it almost broke my heart. 'I remember that on my third or fourth visit Maude called me Mrs. Reville instead of mamma. And well they might be, for she was a bright, winsome little one, with long, golden curls and bright blue eyes, and every promise of becoming a refined, beautiful woman.'"

"The Ramseys moved about considerably, and I often had considerable trouble in finding them. I saw my child last in De-



Mrs. Mathilde Leontine Reville.

She is the mother of the child adopted by Harvey J. Ramsey, in December, 1896. The child and the woman who was then known as Mrs. Ramsey have disappeared.

ember, 1897, after I had traced the family to a flat at No. 1025 Lexington avenue. I was surprised on that occasion to find a young infant there. I was told that the baby was Mrs. Ramsey's.

"I have never seen my child since. The Ramseys moved some months later and I could get no trace of them. A friend of mine met Mr. Ramsey on a car about six months ago, and I inquired for Maude. Mr. Ramsey seemed embarrassed. He said Maude and his wife were in the country. He said he had 'left the baby with Mrs. Madison, square 44, no people, which I have since found was untrue.'"

### Chapter III.

AND now to return to the history of the Ramseys, or, rather, of Mr. Ramsey and the woman who was known as his wife.

In April, 1897, a man and a woman, who gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. Harvey J. Ramsey, hired a flat at No. 1025 Lexington avenue. They paid \$40 a month rent for five rooms, and the landlord noticed that when they came they had but very little furniture.

Mrs. Ramsey was a slender woman of about twenty-eight years, slightly rounded, with fine dark eyes, short black hair and a somewhat peculiar chin. Some of her trunk were marked "Maude Ramsey," and she told her neighbors that she was her stage name. She exhibited photographs taken in stage attire. With the pair was a little girl about three years old whom they called Maude, and who, they said, was their daughter.

The brightness of the child attracted every one who met her, but it is remembered in the house now that the Ramseys were quick to stop the child's mouth when she seemed about to become confidential with her new-found friends.

The Ramseys had been in the house but a few months when Mrs. Ramsey left for Sunbury, Pa. When she returned she had with her a six months' old baby girl. The inquiries of neighbors who explained that the baby was hers, but had been left at her home in Pennsylvania with a wet nurse ever since her birth.

From that time on many packages began to arrive at the Ramsey flat. There were great boxes filled with the finest groceries, and at Christmas time the most expensive toys arrived for little Maude.

Mr. Ramsey's father and mother came to live with them, and for a time there also boarded with them a young married couple whose names are not remembered by the neighbors.

All seemed to go well with the Ramseys until about the latter part of March, 1898. About that time the janitor coming into the flat noticed Mrs. Ramsey busily packing trunks. The next day she left with Maude, and a few days later Ramsey received a telegram from the woman telling him that he need not wait for her, as she was not coming back.

He seemed heart-broken and spent many hours in melancholy solitude. A nurse had

Continued on Page Four.

## BOY'S CRACKER SETS OFF 500 LBS. OF DYNAMITE.

The City Jarred and a Dozen Buildings Damaged, but Children Ten Feet Away Escape Uninjured.

Where the Box Containing the Explosive Stood Is a Hole Fifteen Feet Deep and Eight Feet Across.

When the Neighborhood Recovers from Its Fright the Police Arrest Fred Wencke, Who Fired the Cracker.

Five hundred pounds of dynamite blew up in Spuyten Duyvil late yesterday afternoon. It damaged a dozen houses in the immediate neighborhood, and the shock was felt for three miles around. No one was hurt.

Little Fred Wencke, ten years old, the unwitting cause, will never forget the explosion. He was within ten feet of the dynamite when it blew up, was knocked senseless, but escaped without scratch or bruise.

Then Police Captain Schmittberger arrested him for "violating a corporation ordinance." The lad, who is ten years old, is at large under \$500 bail.

The dynamite was kept in a cubical box, 5 feet on each dimension, which stood in the open near where Contractor Charles W. Collins is opening Kappock street from Spuyten Duyvil Parkway to Johnson street. All around the spot are detached frame dwellings, with barns and sheds, inhabited by well-to-do business men.

G. M. Roden, the New York Central Railroad's station agent at Spuyten Duyvil, protested some time ago to the contractor against the nearness of the dynamite to his home, and it was moved about a city block further off.

### Children Exploded Fire Crackers.

Near by lives Frederick Mencke, a produce commission merchant of Grand Street. His ten-year-old son Fred and his daughter Hilda, aged seven years, were playing in the open field near the box at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The children had fire crackers and were letting them off near the box of dynamite.

Suddenly the boy saw that the grass, withered by drought, was on fire. He realized the danger instantly. "Run, Hilda! Run!" he cried. The little girl obeyed. Ten feet away was a pile of pine board fence. The boy saw her safely through before he started himself, dropping his fire crackers in the blazing grass.

One of the skulls must have carried sparks and blown up itself close to the box. At all events, just as Freddy got into the box the dynamite blew up. The fence was blown flat, all but the gate, which let the air drive through. Freddy fell flat on his face and lay still.

How at the station heard and felt the shock. He ran to his buggy and drove fast to the place where he had seen the children at play an hour before. He found Freddy senseless, but as he carried him toward his parents' home the child revived and told his story. Freddy's mother was in the country. He said he had 'left the baby with Mrs. Madison, square 44, no people, which I have since found was untrue.'"

### Shock Demolished a Barn.

Carries Wolfson's barn, which stands between his house and the dynamite box, had open doors on opposite sides on the ground floor, but the left was tightly closed. The force of the explosion went through the lower part of the building, and spent its force without hitting the animal, and spent its force upon the house, which was badly wrecked. Every timber in the upper part of the barn was twisted out of shape. The damage here was \$1,000. A dozen other buildings were damaged to the extent of from \$500 to \$1,000.

The Johnsons mentioned have an iron foundry a quarter of a mile away. William Smith, standing in a door of the foundry, saw the explosion. The building shook so that ledgers in the desk in the office jumped.

John Kingsbridge Barber, Jake Bucher, who was shooting man, the explosion jarred a bottle from a shelf into the customer's lap. The clock stopped at the moment of the explosion, 4:46 p. m.

No trace of the dynamite box could be found. Neither could the foreman when Captain Schmittberger and his squad arrived at the scene. They found a nearly circular hole fifteen feet deep and eight feet in diameter. They couldn't arrest that, so the boy was taken into custody. Mr. Tietjens furnished bail for him.

### MISS KENDALL WOULD EVANGELIZE THE POLICE.

Devotes Wednesday to the Bluesacks, Fridays to Their Children and Sundays to Their Wives.

To evangelize the policemen of this city is the self-appointed mission of Miss S. L. Kendall, who was warmly received yesterday by the New York Presbytery, to which body she confided her aims.

Miss Kendall has Wednesday for policemen, all Fridays for policemen's children, and Sundays for policemen's wives and children. These social affairs occur regularly each week at her home, No. 235 West Thirtieth street, which is also the headquarters of the New York Christian Police Association.

The Presbytery listened to her narrative with evident appreciation, and there was frequent applause. Miss Kendall did not explain why she confined her evangelizing efforts to policemen and their wives and children, but she said that several policemen had become interested in the work.

A similar movement, she added, had been successful in London.

## MANIAC IN A TRAIN FILLS CAR WITH TERROR.

Otto Dage Breaks from His Keepers and Causes a Panic Among a Hundred Passengers on Way from Lowerree

Refused Admittance to the Sanitarium There, Those in Charge Were Bringing Him Back to This City.

Attempts to Throw the Conductor and Helpers from the Train and Seizes a Woman, Causing Her to Faint.

On a train from Lowerree, on the Putnam division of the New York Central, near onkers, a maniac last night fought his keepers with all the fury of a demon, and, breaking from them, terrorized a car filled with men and women, who fled panic-stricken from his assaults.

The madman was Otto H. Dage, a real estate dealer and lawyer of No. 653 Third avenue, who lives at the Ashton apartment house, corner Madison avenue and Ninety-third street.

For several days the man had been acting queerly, until his physician, Dr. A. Seeser, of No. 46 East Sixty-first street, ordered his removal to the private sanitarium of C. Wipp, in Lowerree.

Mr. Dage was taken to the sanitarium yesterday morning by two trained nurses, C. B. Jalme and Max Stadler.

On his way to Lowerree the demented man behaved quietly, but once inside the asylum he suddenly attacked his nurses.

He terrified the women in the house by breaking chairs, tables and china, and the patients became so frightened that the superintendent refused to let the maniac stay in the house.

Once in the ground Dage became again peaceable, but when the attendants were off guard he broke from them and jumping into a buggy that stood in front of the house cut the horse with the whip and started down the road at breakneck speed.

Yelling, and lashing the horse, the mad man kept on his way, the light vehicle swaying from side to side. He was stopped in a marsh into which the horse had plunged. Here the crazy man fought with the crowd that collected, and when his nurses came up, battled again with them.

Back to the sanitarium they went, but were again refused shelter there, and in despair and worn with their efforts Jalme and Stadler got the insane man into a car, leaving Lowerree at 8:20.

Once in the car Dage began to fight. He tore off his coat and then grappled with his keepers. Maniac and guards rolled on the floor together. Women screamed and men fled in alarm.

The conductors and attendants came to the aid of the nurses and Dage was quieted, but he suddenly leaped from the seat across another and seized a woman. With a shriek of terror she started.

The conductor of the train ordered the smoking car cleared.

He, with two policemen and the nurses tried to carry the crazy man into the empty car.

As they passed from one car to another the madman, Dage, tried to break successfully, to push them from the platform.

Once inside the smoking car the conductor looked down at the mad man, and attendants. They fought until the station at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street was reached.

The nurses called on Policemen Gallagher and Ward to help them take him to the police station.

Dage fought with them, and securing the club of a policeman hurled it at an engine. He was taken to the station, where he was put in a straitjacket.

### BETTINA GIRARD'S DAUGHTER AN HEIRESS.

Valerie Padelford, by Order of Court, to Enjoy the Income of \$250,000, Left by Her Father.

Philadelphia, June 26.—While Bettina Girard, whose mad career of wild dissipation, perhaps, drawing to a close in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York, her daughter, Valerie B. Padelford, was to-day, by an order of court, made the heiress of a fortune of \$250,000.

Valerie, who lives in Washington with her grandmother, Mrs. Ordway, widow of General Ordway, is Bettina's daughter by her first husband, Arthur Padelford, from whom she was divorced years ago. In his will he bequeathed his wife and left his entire property to his little daughter. It was placed with the Land Title & Trust Company of this city.

Judge Ashmun to-day signed an order for the delivery of the income to Missouri B. Ordway, Valerie's guardian.

### PASSED WOMEN ASHORE LIKE A BUCKET BRIGADE.

Rescued from a Stranded Steam Launch by the Gallant Men of Their Party.

Fast on the rocks in front of the Stone Fort at Willis Point in the small hour yesterday morning, several women excursionists on the steam launch Kitydild, would have had hard work getting ashore if the men of the party had not gallantly extended themselves in a line of human piers and passed the helpless ones to land after the method followed by a bucket brigade.

They had set out from Astoria for a cruise in the Sound, and the skipper had found himself lost in the fog, until, creeping through the mist cautiously, he had run the boat aground so gently as not to damage her. The excursionists slept on the sand until daylight, and depended on the generous inhabitants of the place for breakfast, which they needed badly.

At high tide the Kitydild was pulled off by patrol launch No. 1.

## ALGER IS AGAINST TRUSTS ONLY WHEN HE WANTS TO FOOL VOTERS.

MR. PINGREE'S VISION OF A GREAT AND GOOD STATESMAN.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE FAITH CURE.

## THIS SHELL KILLS LIKE LIGHTNING. MRS. M'KINLEY ILL; TRIP CUT SHORT.

We Have a New Missile That Is Simply Awful in Its Effects. The President Decides to Take Her to the White House for a Rest.

Washington, D. C., June 26.—A shell of terrific explosive power, wide radius of destruction and a capacity to annihilate by bursting fragments and a shock as effective as a streak of lightning, will be the feature of the Fall campaign in the Philippine Islands.

Tests of the charge of this terrible engine of war are being made at Sandy Hook, the Government guarding closely its secret of manufacture.

The desired features of the shell are: First—That it may be discharged at ordinary artillery range.

Second—That it will explode on striking intrenchments or light structures.

Third—That the envelope of the shell shall burst into hundreds of fragments and be projected in all directions as well as the contents of the shell.

Fourth—That the character of the explosion shall produce a fatal shock within a certain radius.

A shell of this nature charged with an explosive equal to melinite, or dynamite, falling near a battalion of the enemy would kill or cripple a very large percentage of the battalion. The chances of escape from this tremendous machine will be decreased 100 times, experts say, as compared with shrapnel discharged at the same objects.

General Miles favors this explosive, and his opinion is endorsed by other military experts.

Military men here say that the English shortened their Obdorman campaign by the use of terribly effective shells of this kind. The execution of the shells was frightful. The Dervish columns were decimated not only by the flying fragments, but numbers of Dervishes were found untouched by the shell, but killed by the shock as if by a stroke of lightning.

### BLANCHE WALSH IS HURRYING EASTWARD.

Surrounded by sobbing children, in the front room of his old-time residence at No. 48 Madison street, lies in state the body of Thomas Power—"Patty"—Walsh, as he was known throughout the East Side.

Meanwhile his daughter, Blanche, who is filling theatrical engagement in Duluth, is hurrying eastward. She cannot arrive until Thursday, and the funeral will therefore not be held until the morning of that day.

According to present arrangements, which are in charge of a nephew of Mr. Walsh, ex-Congressman James Walsh, at present an Assistant District Attorney on Colonel Gardiner's staff, solemn high mass for the soul of the deceased will be celebrated by the Rev. John J. Keen in St. James's Church, which Mr. Walsh attended.

## His Testimony in a Suit Offered to Show That His Sympathies Are Wholly with Price-Raising Monopolies.

Judge Gartner, Who Heard the Case, Says the Secretary Was Only a Loaner of Money to One of the Stockholders.

The charge was published in this city yesterday that Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, and candidate for the United States Senate from Michigan, the new foe of trusts, was an avowed champion seventeen years ago of one of the most odious monopolies ever organized in this country—the Diamond Match Company.

This public utterance, after setting out the full details of the proof that Alger at that time was an open and above board champion of Trusts, says:

"That a man with such a record as a promoter of trusts should now blossom out as a champion of the people against trusts is one of the most humorous, as well as audacious performances ever known in our politics."

According to this authority the articles of agreement of the match company provided for the gathering of an enormous amount of capital sufficient to buy or destroy all competition. This object appeared plainly not only in the organization of the trust, but it was openly admitted by General Alger himself.

A lawsuit grew out of the enterprise, and General Alger, in answer to a question asked by his own counsel, made the following confession:

Question. It appears that during the years 1881 and 1882 large sums of money were expended to keep men out of the match business, remove competition, buy machinery and patents, and in some instances purchase other match factories. I will ask you to state the reasons, if there are any, why those sums should not be treated as an expense of the business and charged off from this account?

Answer. Because the prices of matches were kept up to correspond, so as to pay these expenses and make large dividends above what could have been made had those factories been in the market to compete with the business.

Denounced by Judge Sherwood.

The case was carried to the Supreme Court of Michigan, and Chief Justice Sherwood, in deciding against Alger's contention, made the following comment:

"All combinations among persons or corporations for the purpose of raising or controlling the prices of merchandise or any of the necessities of life are monopolies and intolerable, and ought to receive the condemnation of all citizens."

"Not only is the enterprise in which the Diamond Match Company is engaged an